

The Human Support Class

OC OC

I hated them.

No, hate is not the right word, I pitied them during the rare occasions when I actually paid them any attention. So small and soft, the arrogant fools thought they'd manage in a real war. They were mistaken. After the first few rounds of casualty lists and mental breakdowns they thankfully agreed to stay back and let real warriors handle things. So long as they stayed out of our way I was happy, weak races are an irritant in war.

In my culture there is the noble class, the warrior class and far down the bottom of the pecking order is everyone else. This has been the way of things for centuries, there was little need for peasants to do anything other than feed the empire. When we incorporated them we expected the same, a new swarm to supply the eternal machine. We were wrong. `

I had little experience of anything outside war and duty, this was my life. It was my life until I fought on the human front. Incorporating them into the empire meant we were obliged to help so we did. We held colonies and patrolled the border, so many died for this damned war. I expected the humans to charge headlong into battle or to cower behind us until the war was over, this was the way of things.

I hadn't expected to find a fourth class.

It started when I found myself on a bombed out shell of mountain range, my leg shredded and too far from my lines to crawl for help. I accepted my death. To die for my emperor was a great honour.

Irritatingly my honourable sacrifice was interrupted by a damn human pulling me to safety. He waved off my attempts to make him run away as his small frame desperately tended to my wounds, I thought he was insane. I was partially right.

Before long I had made it back to some kind of medical centre with the help of some other humans. If they insisted on taking part in battles then I could settle for this, they seemed rather skilled at triage. I had to admit they had their charm, even when covered in the blood of various other warriors they'd saved. I even caught myself checking some of them out. At the time I feared I'd be caught and punished as is common with deviant warriors but they took a very relaxed approach to such emotions.

When they told me I'd be wounded for life I wept, this would be my end. No leader wants a soldier who can't run and fight. I would have hidden away in some corner to decay if it weren't for that damn medic pitying me, I tried to be indignant but he insisted he take me some-place he called home, a space station near the front.

When we arrived I had expected to be stuck in a barrack as is customary for my class, instead I had a surprisingly luxurious room belonging to my new friend though he insisted it was rather plain. This was when I first began to notice what my people had been missing, what these people had. The support class.

When the dull throbbing pain in my leg became almost unbearable he took me to an incredibly polite doctor to give me medication which dulled the pain. Medication usually reserved for the noble class. I tried to offer my services to repay the debt but he assured me it'd be fine. There was no debt to pay.

When I found myself weeping at night over my lost life he took me to a peculiar kind of human, one who talks. I thought it a tedious waste of time at first, "talking doesn't help", I thought. After a while I began to change, the talking human helped me overcome my pain and find a new path, I could do more than be a warrior. I tried to offer her my ceremonial knife as a gift for helping me find my way but she refused, some kind of honour code forbade her.

When I was hungry he took me to a magnificent hall of decorated walls and exotic smells, he insisted it was nothing special but this was special to me. Warriors eat what sludge they're given to toughen them up, they told us it would make us better. I readied myself to fight the other humans for the right to eat the best food but my friend simply laughed and assured me it would all be fine, he led me to a comfortable bench fit for my size and we ate in peace. This is what my people were missing.

When my leg began to ache again he took me to another medical centre, this time one for physical therapy. I didn't expect much from such a small creature, barely reaching my upper chest but they certainly impressed me. Before long I was prone on a soft table, purring peacefully as the lithe hands of the human attending to me relived the pain in my taut muscles. Gentle music filled air as the aroma of various candles calmed me into a trance. This was what my people were missing, the fourth class.

He even introduced me to a lady human he knew. It took me a while to adjust to their style of relationships. No backstabbing or brawling to be found here though expensive gifts are apparently common among all creatures regardless of species. She was unlike any female of my kind. She was soft and kind, she had little interest in the violent displays of superiority. She was a gentle soul. A gentle soul who happened to show me exactly what my kind had been missing in the bedroom. I'd be shameful to go into detail but sufficed to say I had little interest in returning home to find a mate.

Eventually I found employment with the humans training their officers in the art of real war. Between work and enjoying the fruits of the fourth class I found time to marry my human wife. I was no longer a mighty, honourable warrior but I had something far better, for the first time in my life I could say I was truly happy.

Thank the gods for the support class.

"What if aliens didn't really have a concept of the service sector" enjoy

Essentially a retelling and continuation of "There's more to life than fighting"